O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seuen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!
Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not moue thus.
Ophe. You must sing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Masters Daughter,
Laer. This nothing's more then matter.
Ophe. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for you, and heere's some for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father died, they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.
Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.
Ophe. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercie on his soule, and all Christians soules,
God buy yous.
Laer. Doe you this O God.
King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make

4 Tell 8 bare-faste 17 thats for 22 Sondaies
35 and of all 36 God buy you.

Make choice of whom your wiseſt friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.
Laer. Let this be so.
His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No Trophæ, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.
King. So you shall,
And where th' Offence is, let the great axe fall,
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?
Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.
Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Sayers.*
Say. God blesse you sir.
Hora. Let him blesse thee too.
Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came from the Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.
Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-look't this, giue these fellowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much speed as thou would'st flie death. I haue words to speake in thine eare

will

12 Troophe